MAD

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN—10¢

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE MONTH READS 'MAD'

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU...

LN

NUMBER 11...MAY

Advertisement Advertisement

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... COMPARE THE TWO MAGAZINES ABOVE!... WHICH ONE IS THE DIRTY IMITATION? MANY OF OUR COMPETITORS ARE PUTTING OUT MAGAZINES THAT ARE IMITATIONS... FILTHY UNAMERICAN SWIPES OF ***MAD*** MAGAZINE... IF YOU WANT TO AVOID IMITATIONS... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST...

REMEMBER!... MAD IS MILDER... MUCH MILDER!

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SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: WELL...HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER MISERABLE ISSUE OF *MAD!* GATHER 'ROUND, YOU MAD READERS!... PULL UP YOUR TOADSTOOLS AND WET-ROCKS AND GET NICE AND COZY... THAT'S RIGHT SETTLE DOWN WHERE IT'S NICE AND DANK AND WE'LL TELL YOU A STORY WE CALL...

FLESH GARDEN!

LET US NOT LEAP TO CONCLUSIONS, DALE!...WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS ALIEN CREATURE IS GOING TO EAT DR. ZARK?

GRR

WOOD?

ON SECOND THOUGHT... I SUDDENLY REALIZE IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I SAVE DOCTOR ZARK!
I'M COMING TO SAVE YOU, NOAH! I'M COMING TO SAVE YOU, DOCTOR NOAH ZARK!
KLASH!
KRINGG
STAB
STAB

FLESH! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME!... BUT TELL ME WHAT FINE INSTINCT WAS IT... WHAT MADE YOU DASH TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH TO SAVE ME?
...WELL YOU SEE, DOCTOR ZARK... I'VE HAD A LITTLE PAIN ON THE EDGE OF MY LEFT SHOULDER THAT STICKS WHEN IT RAINS! I WONDER COULD YOU TAKE A LOOK AT IT, DOCTOR ZARK!

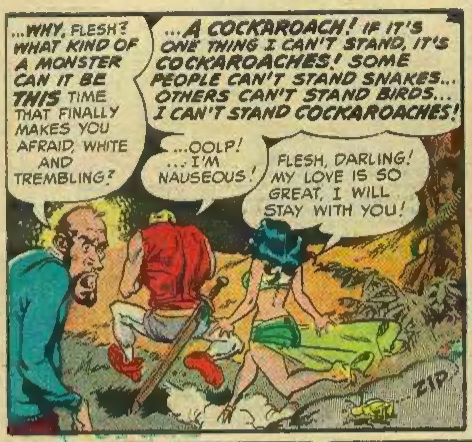
LOOK, KID!.. NO FREE CONSULTATIONS! I GOT REGULAR OFFICE HOURS FROM 12:00 TO 2:00 AT FIVE BUCKS A VISIT!
ENOUGH GUM-BEATING, ZARK!... WE'VE GOT TO GO FIND OUR ROCKET SHIP ... WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET BACK TO EARTH!
EEE!... FLESH! ...LOOK!... COMING OUT OF THE WATER... A NAUSEATING, SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK!

HAVE NO FEAR! I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE NAUSEATING, SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK!
BUT FLESH!... WAIT A MINUTE!... CRAWLING OUT OF THAT CREVICE! ...A SICKENING, HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON!
CHOP!
CHOP!

...I AM NOT AFRAID TO LEAP UPON THE SICKENING HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON!
...FLESH!... HERE COMES THE WORST! A HORRIBLE, PALPITATING LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON!

...NOR DO I HESITATE TO COME TO GRIPS WITH THE HORRIBLE PALPITATING, LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON!
ZUK! ZUK! ZUK!
WHAT?... ANOTHER MONSTER?.. A ZUK?

NO, FLESH! DALE IS MERELY CHOKING ON A PEACH PIT!
NOW, SINCE ALL THE MONSTERS ARE CONQUERED, WE CAN GO LOOK FOR A ROCKET SHIP!
NO! ALL IS LOST! LOOK UP AHEAD!... I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONQUER THIS!
GLOMF!
ECH
GOOD LORD!


...WHY, FLESH? WHAT KIND OF A MONSTER CAN IT BE THIS TIME THAT FINALLY MAKES YOU AFRAID, WHITE AND TREMBLING?
...A COCKAROACH! IF IT'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND, IT'S COCKAROACHES! SOME PEOPLE CAN'T STAND SNAKES... OTHERS CAN'T STAND BIRDS... I CAN'T STAND COCKAROACHES!
...OOLP! ...I'M NAUSEOUS!
FLESH, DARLING! MY LOVE IS SO GREAT, I WILL STAY WITH YOU!
ZIP

OOLP! GO WAY!
OLP! LEMME 'LONE!
FLESH! FLESH! LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! THOSE BIG, BIRD-LIKE THINGS CARRYING LONG SHARP PIKES!... IT'S . IT'S THE... HAWKMEN!
GOOD LORD!

GO AHEAD, DALE ... DR. ZARK! YOU TWO RUN AHEAD! I'LL FOLLOW UP AND PROTECT THE REAR!
TROMP TROMP

IT'S NO USE, FLESH!... THE HAWKMEN FLY SWIFTER THAN BIRDS AND THEN THEY SWOOP DOWN FROM BEHIND AND SPEAR A RUNNING MAN WITH THEIR LONG, SHARP PIKES!

I THINK I GO AHEAD AND LEAD THE WAY THROUGH THIS UNKNOWN COUNTRY! YOU AND DALE FOLLOW UP AND PROTECT MY REAR!
VROOMM!

THERE'S NO USE RUNNING, FLESH! LET US MAKE A LAST STAND HERE! AFTER ALL, DO WE CHOOSE TO BE ENSLAVED FOREVER BY THE HAWKMEN RATHER THAN DIE A HEROIC DEATH?
...YOU BET WE DO!
LOOK, FLESH! LOOK, LOOK!
KAMERAD!
WHITE FLAG!
KLOP

...WHY ARE THESE HAWKMEN WALKING AROUND IN CIRCLES? WHY ARE THESE HAWKMEN BUMPING INTO THINGS?
BUMP
...NO WONDER! THESE AREN'T HAWKMEN!... THEY'RE OWLMEN!
GOOD LORD!

FORTUNATELY, THE OWL-MEN CANNOT SEE TOO WELL IN THE DAYLIGHT!
...LET US FIND OUR ROCKET-SHIP BEFORE WE ARE DISCOVERED BY THE LION-MEN, THE TIGERMEN OR THE LIZARDMEN!
...ER... THIS PAIN ON THE EDGE OF MY SHOULDER, DR. ZARK... I GET A TINY LITTLE RASH WHEN IT PAINS!... TAKE A LOOK, HUH, DOC!
TROMP

...LOOKOUT, YOU FOOL! YOU STEPPED ON A COUPLE OF ROCKMEN!
ALSO A PEBBLE-MEN!
...THEN THIS MUST BE THE LAND OF THE ROCKMEN!
TROMP TROMP

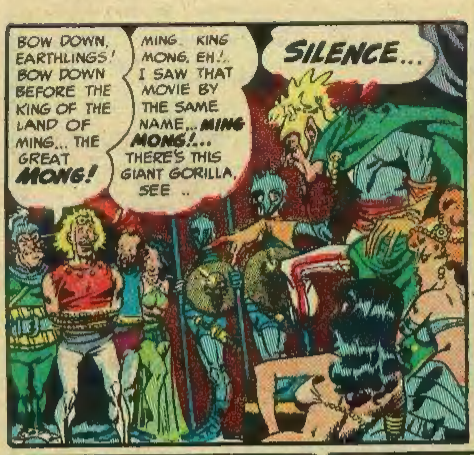
...PERHAPS IF WE TROMP OFF THROUGH THIS FOREST...
LOOKOUT! YOU STEPPED ON A COUPLE OF TREEMEN!
TROMP

...THEN PERHAPS IF WE TRAMPLE THROUGH THIS MEADOW!...
LOOKOUT! LOOKOUT! YOU ARE STEPPING ON THE GRASSMEN!
TROMP TROMP
KEEP OUT

...WELL, PERHAPS IF WE LEAPED BODILY OFF THIS CLIFF AND DIDN'T TOUCH ANY SOLID MATTER...
LOOKOUT! YOU ARE KNOCKING OVER SOME AIRMEN!
OOF!!
#?*@!

OH FLESH, DARLING! MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE TO GO WHEREVER YOU GO HAS HELPED ME OUTDISTANCE THOSE CREATURES ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU RUN SO FAST!
WE HAVEN'T OUTDISTANCED ALL THE CREATURES! THERE ARE SOME NEW TYPES AHEAD!
WE'VE GOTTEN AWAY FROM THE ROCKMEN, TREEMEN, GRASSMEN, AIRMEN! WHAT OTHER MEN COULD BE LEFT?
GOOD LORD!

MENMEN!
HA, EARTHLINGS! YOU HAVE INVADED OUR LAND! WE WILL DRAG YOU BEFORE OUR LEADER WHO WILL JUDGE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!
...I WILL BE DRAGGED WITH YOU!


BOW DOWN, EARTHLINGS! BOW DOWN BEFORE THE KING OF THE LAND OF MING... THE GREAT MONG!
MING... KING MONG, EH!... I SAW THAT MOVIE BY THE SAME NAME... MING MONG!... THERE'S THIS GIANT GORILLA, SEE ..
SILENCE...

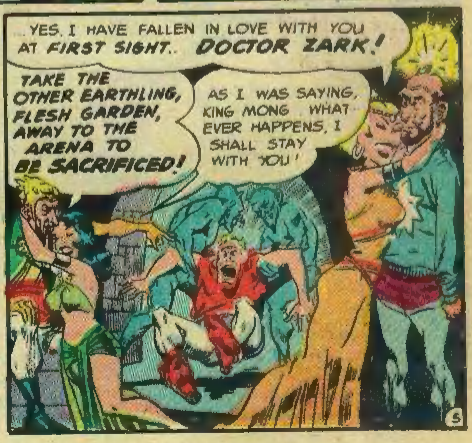
QUIT JOKING, FLESH! DON'T YOU SEE WE'RE IN TROUBLE?
...DON'T WORRY OR ZARK! I SEE A WAY OUT! YOU NOTICE KING MONG HAS A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER? WELL IN STORIES OF THIS TYPE THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER ALWAYS FALLS IN LOVE WITH THE HERO AND HELPS HIM TO ESCAPE JUST WATCH HOW MONG'S DAUGHTER FALLS IN LOVE WITH ME!

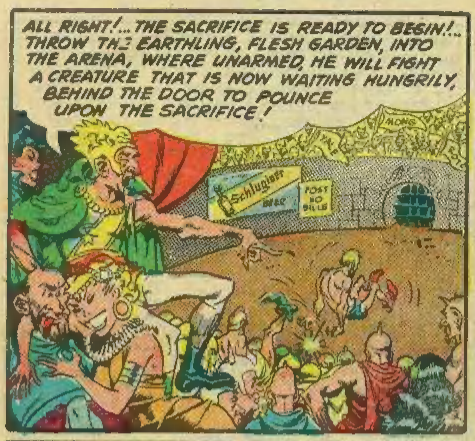
THAT IS ENOUGH WHISPERING, EARTHLINGS! FOR YOUR ARROGANCE, YOU SHALL BE SACRIFICED IN THE ARENA!
SACRIFICED! ...NO, FATHER!

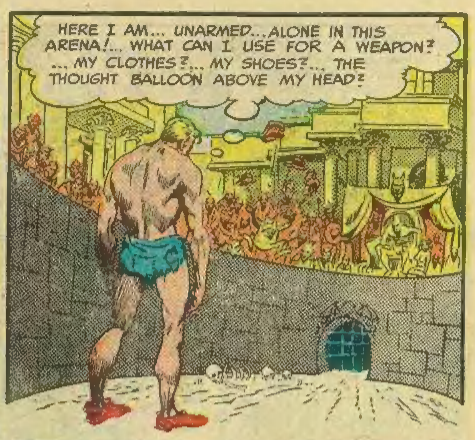
EH, LITTLE POCAHONTONG, MY DAUGHTER?.. YOU INTERRUPT ME? EH? EH? EH? EH?
EH?
FATHER! YOU CANNOT SACRIFICE THE HANDSOME AMERIKANNER! I LOVE HIM!

AWWW SHUCKS, DAUGHTER! YOU GONNA SPOIL ALL MY FUN WITH BLOODY SACRIFICES? VERY WELL! ...GO TO YOUR EARTHLING THAT YOU LOVE! HE IS SPARED!
HOTCHA!
SEE, TOLD YOU, DOC!

FLESH, DARLING! WHATEVER HAPPENS, I SHALL STAY WITH YOU... ESPECIALLY SINCE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GETTING OFF WITH A WHOLE COAT!
GET THIS DAME OUTTA HERE, ZARK BEFORE SHE FOULS ME UP!
...I COME TO CLAIM YOU, HANDSOME EARTHLING, FOR I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU AT FIRST SIGHT!


...YES, I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU AT FIRST SIGHT.. DOCTOR ZARK!
TAKE THE OTHER EARTHLING, FLESH GARDEN, AWAY TO THE ARENA TO BE SACRIFICED!
AS I WAS SAYING, KING MONG WHATEVER HAPPENS, I SHALL STAY WITH YOU!


ALL RIGHT!... THE SACRIFICE IS READY TO BEGIN!... THROW THE EARTHLING, FLESH GARDEN, INTO THE ARENA, WHERE UNARMED, HE WILL FIGHT A CREATURE THAT IS NOW WAITING HUNGRILY, BEHIND THE DOOR TO POUNCE UPON THE SACRIFICE!
Schlugger
BEER
POST NO BILLS

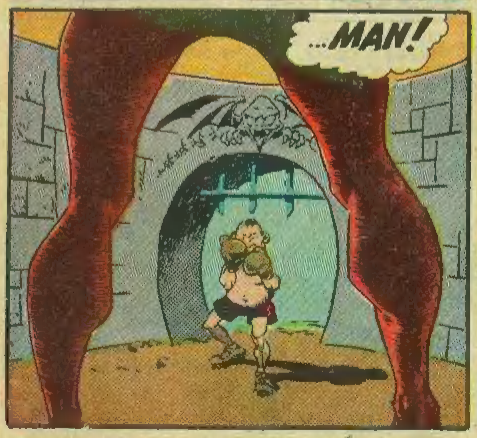

HERE I AM... UNARMED... ALONE IN THIS ARENA!... WHAT CAN I USE FOR A WEAPON? ... MY CLOTHES?... MY SHOES?... THE THOUGHT BALLOON ABOVE MY HEAD?

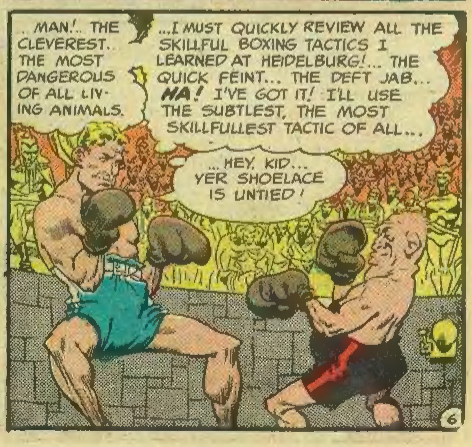
WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE LIES BEHIND THAT BLOOD-STAINED OAKEN DOOR? COULD IT BE WORSE THAN THE SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK?

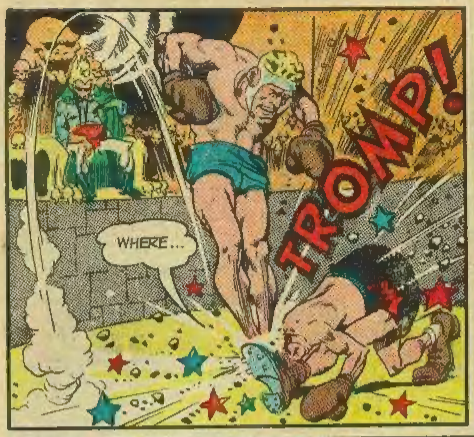
ULP!... THE DOOR IS SLOWLY OPENING! COULD IT BE ANY WORSE THAN THE HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON?

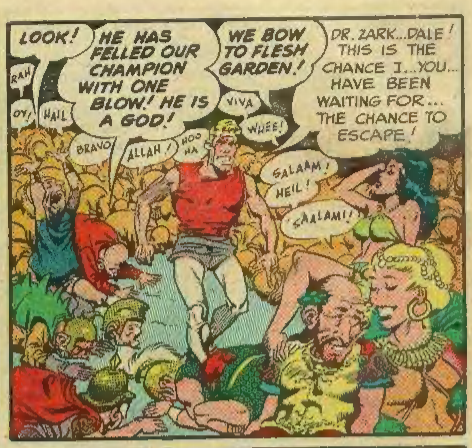
GULP!... THERE'S SOMETHING STANDING THERE!... COULD IT BE ANY WORSE THAN THE PALPITATING, LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON?

GASP! I CAN SEE IT NOW... WORSE THAN THE ZORK... MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE ZORCHTON... MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE ZILCHTRON...
IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...


...MAN!


...MAN!... THE CLEVEREST... THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL LIVING ANIMALS.
...I MUST QUICKLY REVIEW ALL THE SKILLFUL BOXING TACTICS I LEARNED AT HEIDELBURG!... THE QUICK FEINT... THE DEFT JAB... HA! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL USE THE SUBTLEST, THE MOST SKILLFULLEST TACTIC OF ALL...
...HEY, KID... YER SHOELACE IS UNTIED!


TROMP!
WHERE...


LOOK!
HE HAS FELLED OUR CHAMPION WITH ONE BLOW! HE IS A GOD!
WE BOW TO FLESH GARDEN!
DR. ZARK...DALE! THIS IS THE CHANCE I...YOU... HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR... THE CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
RAH!
OY!
HAIL
BRAVO
ALLAH!
HOO HA
VIVA
WHEE!
SALAAM!
HEIL!
SALAM!

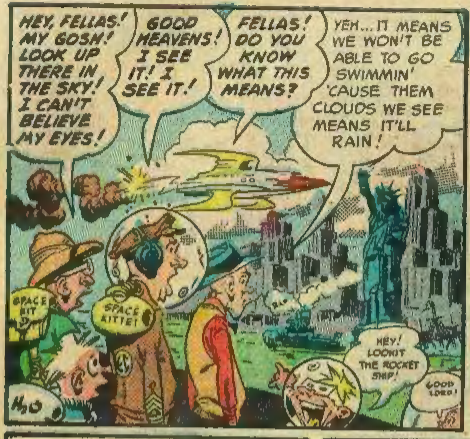
DR. ZARK!... YOU ARE AFRAID! YOU ARE PETRIFIED WITH FEAR AND YOU CANNOT LEAVE THIS PLACE, EH? DO NOT WORRY!...OUR ROCKET SHIP IS UP THE NEXT BLOCK!

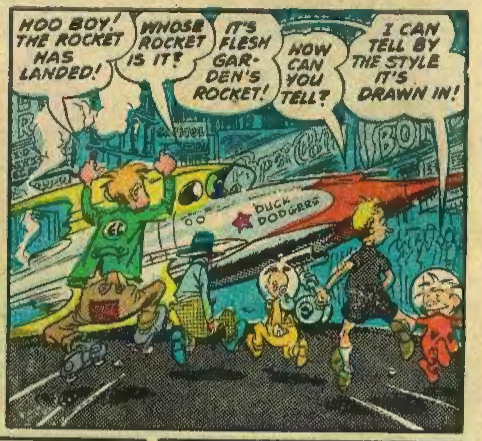
WE NEED YOU WITH US, DR. ZARK... TO DIRECT US HOW TO MANIPULATE THE ROCKET CONTROLS ON TAKE-OFF... TO CALCULATE AND CHART THE COURSE TOWARDS EARTH... TO TELL ME WHY THIS PAIN ON THE EDGE OF MY SHOULDER ITCHES IN THE HAYFEVER SEASON!
AH! THE ROCKET!

OH, FLESH! LOOK! THERE ARE GUARDS WHO ARE WATCHING THE ROCKET-SHIP!
... WAIT, HERE, JUST LET ME HAVE MY SWORD!
... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS!
SNAP!

... SO HERE YOU ARE, GUARDS... A TEN DOLLAR BILL FOR EACH ONE OF YOU JUST FOR LOOKING THE OTHER WAY!
... I HOPE THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

...I'M TELLING YOU, THAT GOOD OL' U.S. DOLLAR IS SOUND ANY-WHERE!
...NOW, QUICKLY, DALE... GET INTO THE ROCKET-SHIP! TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THIS FURSHLUGGINER PLACE... THE NEXT STOP WILL BE EARTH!
PAF!

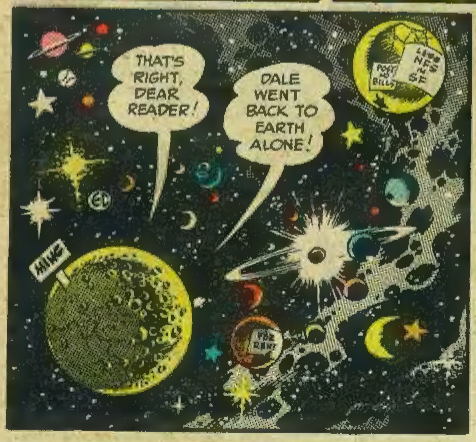

HEY, FELLAS! MY GOSH! LOOK UP THERE IN THE SKY! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
GOOD HEAVENS! I SEE IT! I SEE IT!
FELLAS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
YEH... IT MEANS WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GO SWIMMIN' 'CAUSE THEM CLOUDS WE SEE MEANS IT'LL RAIN!
SPACE KIT
SPACE KITTEN
HEY! LOOK IT THE ROCKET SHIP!
GOOD LORD!
H_2O


HOO BOY! THE ROCKET HAS LANDED!
WHOSE ROCKET IS IT?
IT'S FLESH GARDEN'S ROCKET!
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
I CAN TELL BY THE STYLE IT'S DRAWN IN!
DUCK DODGERS

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING OUT!... THEM BEAUTIFULLY CURVED OUTLINES... THAT GORGEOUS BUILD ... THAT WILD TOSSED HAIR...
BY YOUR ELABORATE DESCRIPTION, I TAKE IT THAT THAT'S FLESH GARDEN COMING OUT!
NO! NO!

IT IS DALE COMING OUT... DALE LIGHT WHO WILL NO DOUBT BE FOLLOWED BY FLESH GARDEN WHO WILL BE FOLLOWED BY DR. NOAH ZARK!
HALOO THERE!
FLESH, OLD MAN!
ARE YOU IN THERE?

OOHOO! FLESHIE BOY!
IT IS NO USE! YOUR CALLS WILL ONLY ECHO HOLLOWLY ON THE LIFELESS INSIDES OF THE ROCKET FOR YOU SEE... THERE IS NOTHING ELSE INSIDE THE ROCKET... N-NOTHING THAT IS ALIVE!
COME OUT-OUT!


THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR READER!
DALE WENT BACK TO EARTH ALONE!
MING

...DR. ZARK AND I HAVE STAYED BACK HERE ON MING! ...AFTER ALL... WHAT KIND OF WORK COULD I DO BACK ON EARTH WITHOUT ALIEN MONSTERS TO FIGHT?... I NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD AS HERE! BESIDES... THAT DALE'S BEEN HOUNDING ME ALL MY LIFE!... NEXT THING YOU KNOW SHE'LL BE HINTING AT MARRIAGE!... AT LAST I'M RID OF THAT PEST!
PEEL ME ANOTHER GRAPE, POCAHONTONG!

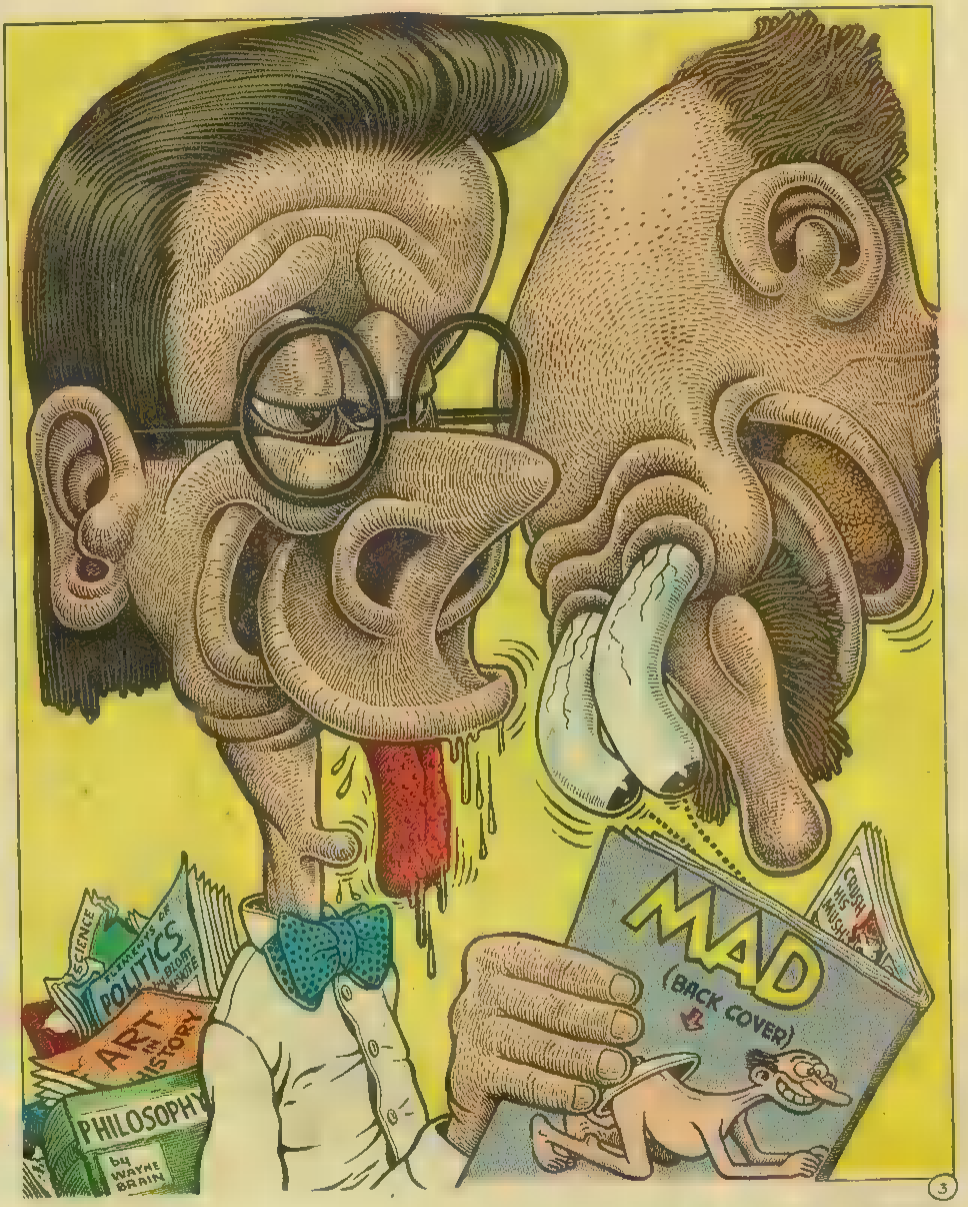
SPECIAL FEATURE DEPT.: DEAR READERS!... THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME! .....NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST... HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL!... *VERY VERY* WELL! HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT ***YOU***... OUR...

MAD READER!

1

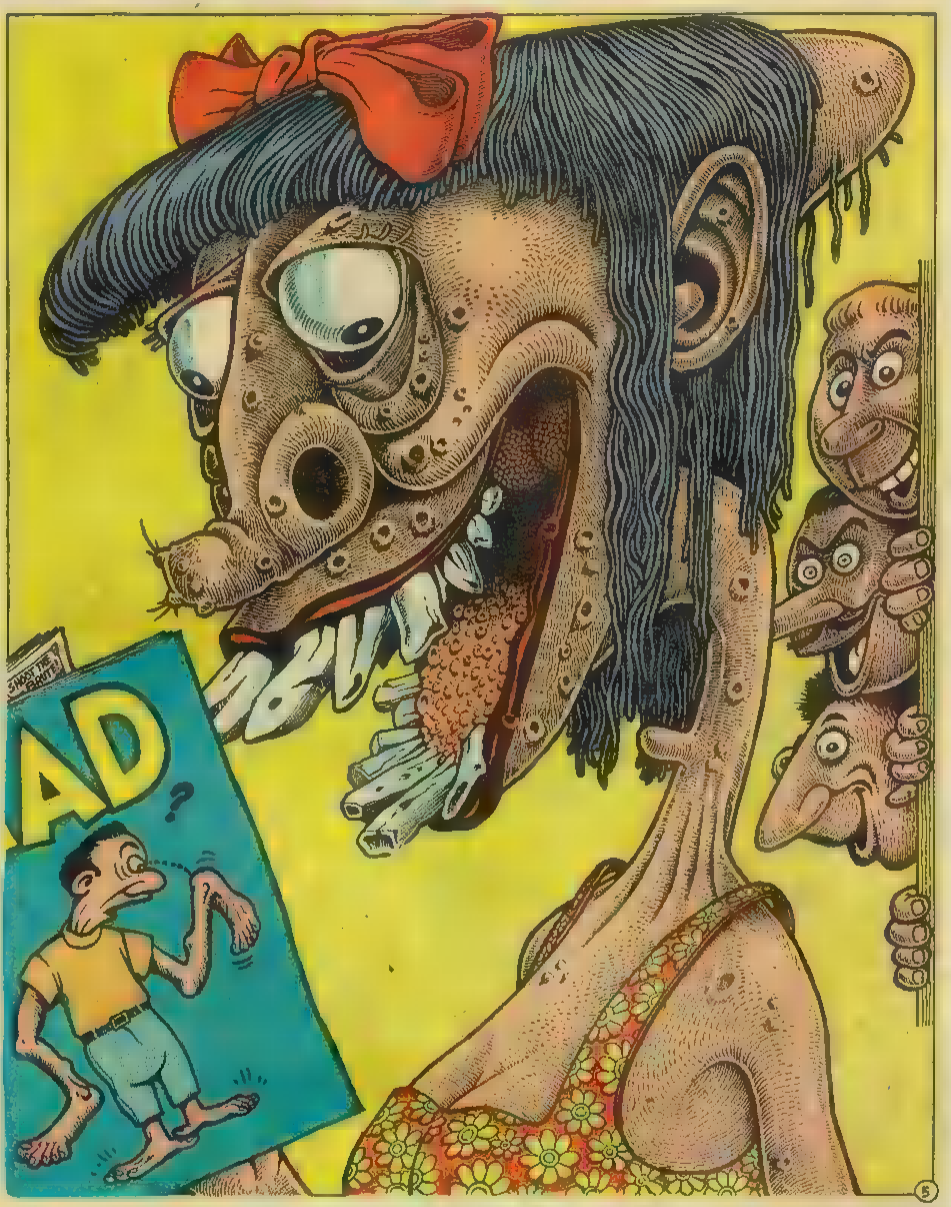
ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES ARE VIEWS OF WHAT WE, THE EDITORS OF *MAD*, BELIEVE TO BE A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ *MAD!*... AND SO, WHILE YOU WANDER THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGES, SMIRKING, GUFFAWING AND RETCHING AT WHAT YOU SEE... PAUSE A MOMENT! THE FACE YOU'RE RETCHING AT MAY BE YOUR OWN!

THE YOUNG MAD READER (WITH MOTHER AND FATHER): HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE CLEAN WHOLESOME •AFFECT *MAD* HAS ON OUR YOUNG READERS! FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE READING *MAD*, THIS YOUNG MAN VERY OFTEN USED AN AXE ON HIS PLAYMATES! WHEN HE READ *MAD*, HE REALIZED HOW UGLY AND SORDID AXING HIS PLAYMATES WAS... SO NOW HE USES A PISTOL!



THE STUDENT MAD READER (WITH TEACHER): HERE IS THE INTELLECTUAL COLLEGE YOUTH ' THIS FELLOW WAS A SERIOUS, SOBER, 'A' AVERAGE STUDENT... WELL VERSED ■ THE CLASSICS WITH A SUCCESSFUL CAREER ASSURED . BEFORE READING ***MAD!*** READING ***MAD*** HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A HAPPY CHANGE IN THIS STUDENT! TODAY THIS STUDENT IS AN EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT.. BUT NEVERTHELESS, ***A HAPPY*** EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT!

THE ELDERLY MAD READER: MAD IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO THE YOUNGER SET! HERE IS AN ELDERLY MAN WHO, BEFORE READING *MAD*, WAS CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... CONFINED TO A STRICT DIET OF SHREDDED WHEAT... AND CONFINED TO CONDENSED WATER! THEN HE READ *MAD*!... NOW HE IS NO LONGER CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE SHREDDED WHEAT ..AND NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE CONDENSED WATER!... HE IS MERELY... CONFINED!



THE FEMALE MAD READER: ...THIS YOUNG LADY HAD DISHPAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'... A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE...AND BOY-FRIENDS NEVER CAME TO CALL ON HER!... THEN SHE BOUGHT ***MAD!*** NOW... SHE STILL HAS DISH-PAN HANDS...PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'... A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE...BUT BOY-FRIENDS FLOCK TO CALL ON HER AND AS SOON AS THEY BLUDGEON HER INSENSIBLE AND PRY ***MAD*** LOOSE FROM HER VISE-LIKE GRIP...THEY FLOCK AWAY AGAIN!

THE CRITICAL MAD READER: ... FINALLY THERE ARE THOSE WHO READ AND DO ***NOT*** LIKE ***MAD!*** AND SO... ■ ALL HONESTY, WITH A FIRM BELIEF THAT EVERY ARGUMENT HAS TWO SIDES... IT IS WITH A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY AND CLEAN LIVING THAT WE PRESENT WITHOUT BIAS, WITHOUT RESENTMENT OR MALICE... AN UNPREJUDICED DRAWING OF SAID TYPE READER WHO... AFTER MUGGING THE ABOVE INFANT, IS BRUTALLY DESTROYING THE CHILD'S TREASURED COPY OF ***MAD!***

I WAS *UPLIFTED* FROM THE *DEPTHS OF DESPAIR* BY THIS *REVEALING EXPERIENCE!* I *LAUGHED SO HARD* I ALMOST *BUST* THE *BINDING!* I WAS THE *CENTER* OF *ATTRACTION*... THE *STAR*. EVERYBODY WANTED TO *DANCE* WITH ME! I WAS *RUSHED!* SO *BE POPULAR* LIKE *ME!* WEAR *PANIC!* RUN DOWN AND GET *INTO* YOUR COPY AT YOUR *LOCAL NEWSSTAND*. IF YOU'RE THE *SHY TYPE* AND WOULD RATHER *DRESS AT HOME*, THEN YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE* BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter EIGHTY-SEVEN in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you remember, in our last chapter . . . in our last chapter . . . say, what DID happen in our last chapter?

Oh yes . . . when we last saw Jones, he was in Moscow, spying, when a spy started spying on him. However, Jones spied the spy spying and soon was spying on the spying spy. You get the general idea. Well . . . the upshot of it all was that Jones finally was picked up by the BVD's and the BVD's brought him to the head of the BVD's, a man by the name of Lavrenti Buried. . . . And that's the story up to now, gang! Miserable isn't it? Well. . . . on to the next installment of . . .

"Take him to the torture chamber. I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now," Lavrenti Buried says.

Jones is led away. As the most horrible screams issue from the torture chamber, Floppova Movova tells Buried of her suspicions of Jones being a spy. Buried gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling, through which hang the roots of a tree, and says, "We have been torturing him merely for drinking toasts to our heroes!"

"And what is wrong with drinking toasts to our heroes?" says Floppova.

"Out of a toaster?" says Buried! "Too bad my special 'trip-through-the-meat-grinder' torture is going to waste. Now we will have to give him the 'brain-wash' torture."

"What is so horrible about the 'brain-wash' torture?" says Floppova!

"The effect of boiling soap-water poured through a hole in the skull and swished around the living brain for a while is quite a thing to watch," says Buried.

Jones is brought in . . . the torture he has been through still evident by the powder burns about his mouth and the shredded stub of an exploding trick cigar still clenched between his teeth!

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried! (Jones has been using the alias Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko.)

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried . . . falling down on the floor. (It's quite a strain to pronounce that name.) "Floppova here tells me you are a spy. What was your mission, snivelling coward?"

"You can't call me that!" says Jones, "I'm no snivelling coward . . . not *all* the time, just when I have this cold I'm a snivelling coward, otherwise, I'm just a plain, upstanding coward."

"Don't change the subject," screams Buried, pulling out a pistol and placing it against Jones' eyeball, "What was your mission?"

Floppova Movova screams and flops ova. Jones moves ova so Floppova can floppova. Buried tells Floppova to movova so when Jones flopsova, he won't floppova Floppova Movova. Buried keeps tightening his finger on the trigger! Jones keeps snivelling! Floppova keeps flopping!

Suddenly there's a loud bang, and . . .

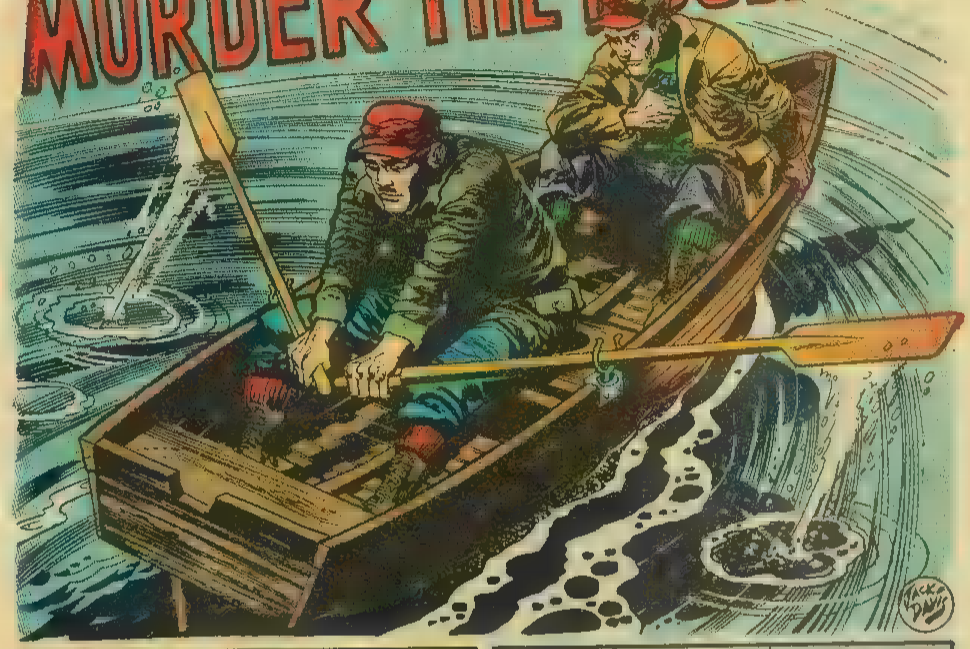
• • • • •

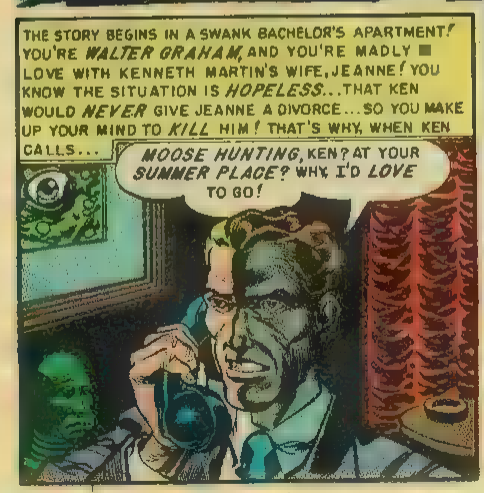
. . . Well, now! A loud bang! What could that be? Could it be Buried firing his pistol? Could it be Jones smoking another trick cigar? Could it be Floppova flopping ova? Could it be you taking the easy way out?

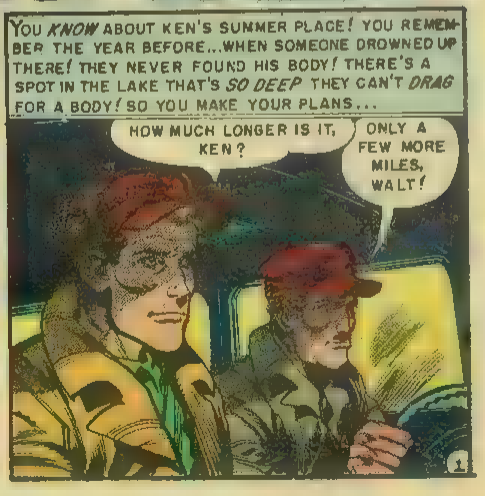
Tune in next month, if you dare, to another ZORCH adventure of OPERATION-UNDER-THE-GROUND!

QUICKIE COMIC DEPT.: NOW, WE PRESENT A NEW FEATURE... A STORY PRESENTED IN TWO VERSIONS... THE FIRST VERSION BEING A TYPICAL COMIC-BOOK STORY THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE READ BEFORE!... THE SECOND VERSION BEING A TYPICAL '*MAD*' INTERPRETATION OF THE FIRST VERSION! AND SO WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST VERSION... CALLED...

MURDER THE HUSBAND!



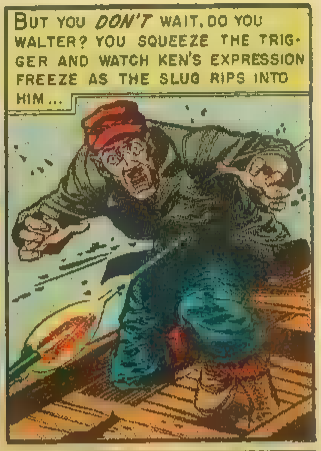


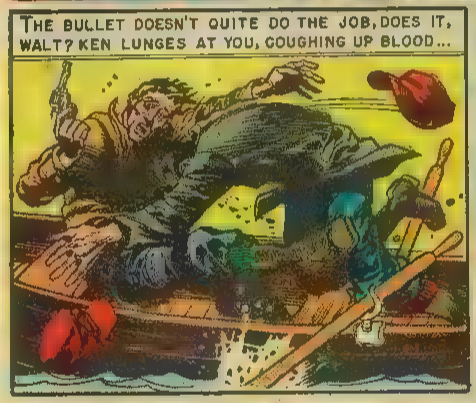


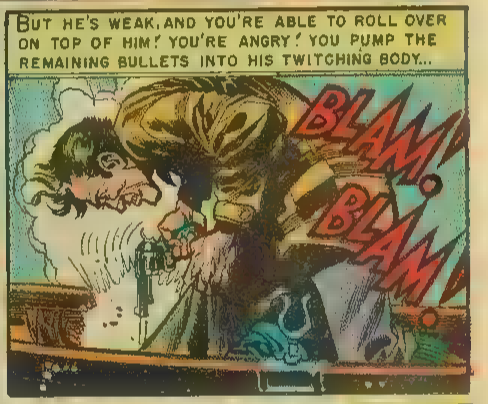
ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE, YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! YOU'RE NERVOUS, AREN'T YOU, WALTER? IT'S A DESPERATE PLAN, ISN'T IT?...
WELL, HERE WE ARE, WALT! SAY, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE, HAVE YOU?
NOT MUCH SENSE COMIN' UP DURING THE SUMMER, KEN! YOU KNOW I DON'T SWIM!
THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A DESPERATE PLAN, EH, WALTER? YOU CAN'T SWIM A STROKE... AND YET YOU PLAN ON HAVING A BOATING ACCIDENT! OR, AT LEAST, KEN WILL HAVE A BOATING ACCIDENT...
SAY, KEN! HOW ABOUT ROWING OUT TO THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT ■ THE LAKE? I HAVE AN IDEA!
SURE THING, WALT! IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANY HUNTING TODAY ANYWAY!
WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?
I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT JUST HOW DEEP THAT SPOT REALLY IS! ALL I NEED IS SOME HEAVY WEIGHTS AND A LOT OF ROPE! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ANY?
YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU, WALTER? KEN NEVER SUSPECTS THE REAL REASON YOU NEED THE WEIGHTS AND THE ROPE, DOES HE? IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE YOU'RE OUT THERE... THE TWO OF YOU... OVER THE SPOT...
LUCKY I HAD THIS ROLL OF WIRE, WALT! WE'RE GOING TO USE IT TO LIGHT UP THE DOCK NEXT SUMMER! IT'LL DO INSTEAD OF ROPE, WON'T IT?
IT'S PERFECT, KEN!
THERE'S OVER TWO HUNDRED FEET HERE! FRANKLY, I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE LONG ENOUGH!
IT'S LONG ENOUGH FOR WHAT I HAVE ■ MIND, KEN! AND THESE HEAVY PIPES WILL DO FINE!
YOU PULL OUT YOUR REVOLVER AND YOU WATCH KEN'S FACE PALE! HE STARES AT YOU... DUMBFOUNDED...
WALT! I... I DON'T GET IT! WHY THE GUN?
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, KEN! IT'S THE ONLY WAY! JEANNE AND I ARE IN LOVE!
YOU... AND JEANNE!
THAT'S RIGHT, KEN! I KNEW YOU'D NEVER GIVE JEANNE A DIVORCE, SO I'VE DECIDED ON THIS! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE 'ACCIDENT'! THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOUR BODY... JUST YOUR BOAT... ADRIFT...
2

AND THEY'LL KNOW I DIDN'T GO OUT ON THE LAKE WITH YOU...BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF BOATS! I CAN'T SWIM!
YOU'RE CRAZY, WALT! THIS IS INSANE!

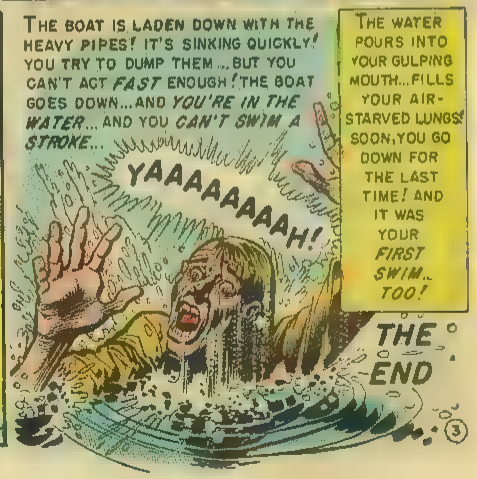
AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I'M GOING TO TIE THESE HEAVY PIPES TO YOUR BODY AND THROW YOU OVERBOARD... THEN ROW BACK AND SET THE BOAT ADRIFT!
WAIT, WALT! PLEASE! I...


BUT YOU DON'T WAIT, DO YOU WALTER? YOU SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND WATCH KEN'S EXPRESSION FREEZE AS THE SLUG RIPS INTO HIM...


THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, WALT? KEN LUNGES AT YOU, COUGHING UP BLOOD...


BUT HE'S WEAK, AND YOU'RE ABLE TO ROLL OVER ON TOP OF HIM! YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...
BLAM!
BLAM!

AND THEN YOU FEEL THE WATER SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH KEN'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF THE ROW-BOAT... AND THE WATER IS POURING IN...
THE BOAT! IT'S... SINKING!


THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU TRY TO DUMP THEM ...BUT YOU CAN'T ACT FAST ENOUGH! THE BOAT GOES DOWN...AND YOU'RE IN THE WATER... AND YOU CAN'T SWIM A STROKE...
YAAAAAAAAH!
THE WATER POURS INTO YOUR GULPING MOUTH...FILLS YOUR AIR-STARVED LUNGS! SOON, YOU GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME! AND IT WAS YOUR FIRST SWIM... TOO!
THE END

WE TRUST YOU ENJOYED THE FIRST VERSION AND NOW FOR THE SECOND VERSION WHICH IS *MAD'S* VERSION OF THE FIRST VERSION... THE *MAD* VERSION BEING LIKE THE FIRST VERSION... 3 PAGES FOR THE FIRST VERSION AND 3 PAGES FOR THE *MAD* VERSION... THAT IS... THREE PAGES PER VERSION! ...AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS... PERVERSION! ...THIS STORY CALLED...

MURDER THE STORY!

THE STORY BEGINS ■ A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE CRACKER *GRAHAM*, AND YOU'RE MADLY ■ LOVE WITH MELVIN MARTIN'S ROW-BOAT, JEANNE! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS *HOPELESS*...THAT KEN WOULD *NEVER* GIVE THE ROW-BOAT A DIVORCE...SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO *KILL* HIM! THAT'S WHY, WHEN MELVIN CALLS...

YOU *KNOW* ABOUT MELVIN'S SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE...WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S *SO DEEP* THEY CAN'T *DRAG* FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE, YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! IT'S A HOPALONG CASSIDY REVOLVER! YOU FINGER IT THINKING WHAT FUN IT'LL BE SHOOTING PAPER CAPS!

NOT MUCH SENSE COMIN' UP DURING THE *SUMMER*, MELVIN! *ANYBODY* KNOWS A *SUMMER* PLACE IS BETTER ■ THE *WINTER!*

THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A DESPERATE PLAN, EH, CRACKER? A SUMMER PLACE REALLY *ISN'T* BETTER IN THE WINTER... AND YET YOU PLAN TO GO SWIMMING FOR THEM INDIAN GUM TICKETS...

SAY, MELVIN! HOW ABOUT ROWING OUT TO THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT IN THE LAKE? I HAVE AN IDEA!

Της τελετής προεξήρχεν ο Σεβ. Αρχιεπίσκοπο Μεγαλοπρέπεις αίθουσαι δίδα συγκεντρω σεων. – Το επίσημον

I'D LIKE TO BUILD A *BOTTOM* ON THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT! ... ALL I NEED IS SOME *HEAVY WEIGHTS* AND A *LOT OF ROPE!* DO YOU THINK YOU *HAVE* ANY?

YOU'RE PRETTY *CLEVER*, AREN'T YOU, GRAHAM? MEL' NEVER *SUSPECTS* THE *REAL* REASON YOU NEED THE WEIGHTS AND THE ROPE, DOES HE? HE DOESN'T SUSPECT YOU HAVE TO FIX THE WINDOWS ■ YOUR BACHELOR APARTMENT AND WEIGHTS AND ROPE FOR THE WINDOWS ARE EXPENSIVE!

Unterstützung... zusammen mit der aller guten Amerikaner unserer Stadt, für die kommende WON'T IT?

IT'S *PERFECT*, KEN!

КИТАЯ В СОСТАВ ПРОТИВ ДОПУЩЕНИЯ

INDIAN GUM TICKETS?

...NO SIR!... WE SPLIT THOSE TICKETS FIFTY-FIFTY EVEN THOUGH THIS *IS* YOUR SUMMER PLACE!

YOU PULL OUT YOUR REVOLVER AND YOU WATCH MELVIN'S FACE PALE! HE STARES AT YOU. . DUMBFOUNDED...

דער שטר קעגנ

טומען צו הזכרה אין קאמפנהאנגן

HOPALONG CASSIDY?

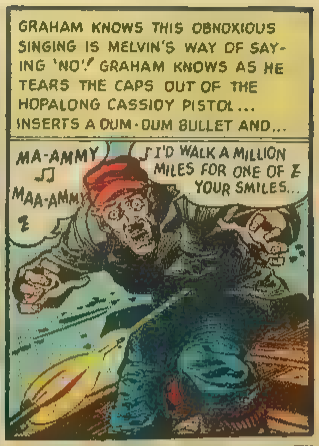
...YES.. A HOPALONG CASSIDY 'CAP-PISTOL... AND ONLY *I* CAN PLAY WITH IT!

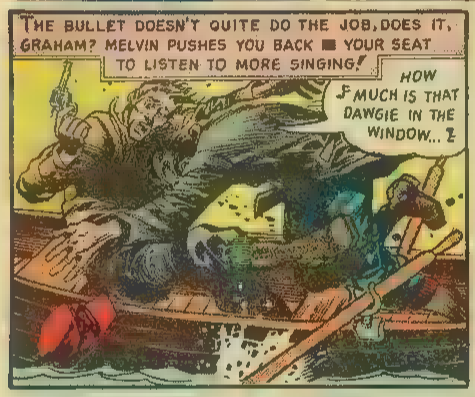
Potrzebie

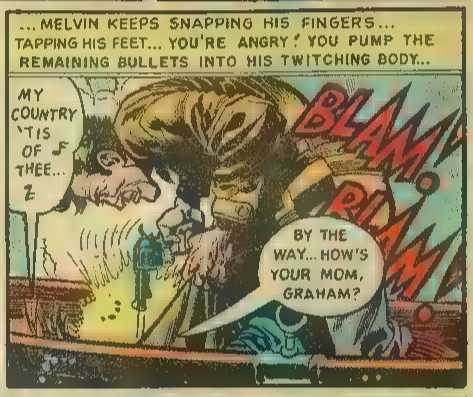
...NO... YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT! ALL THE TIME I'VE KNOWN HOW MUCH YOU WANTED A HOPALONG CASSIDY CAP-PISTOL... BUT I BOUGHT THE LAST ONE IN THE CANDY STORE!

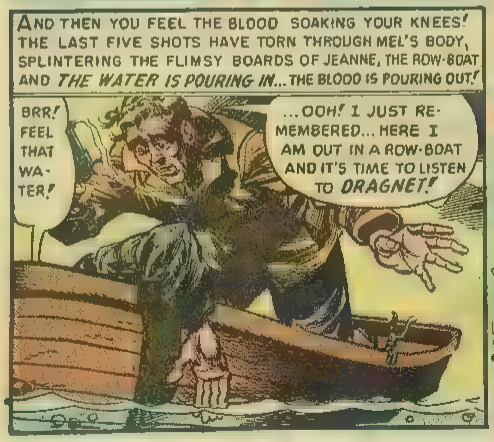
BUT I'LL MAKE A FAIR TRADE!... LET ME HAVE THIS ROW-BOAT AND YOUR SHARE OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS!
...WAAY DOWN UPON THE SWA'NEEE RI-VER...

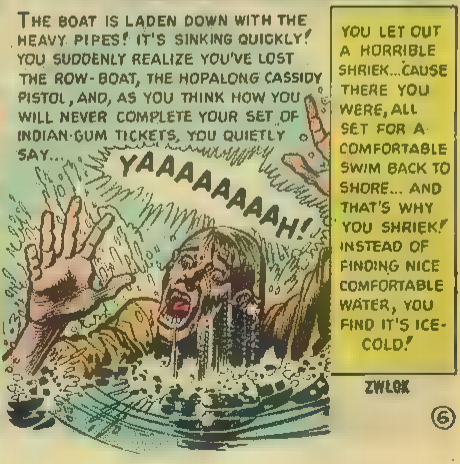
WHAT DO YOU SAY! A FAIR TRADE! THIS CAP-PISTOL FOR YOUR ROW-BOAT AND TICKETS!
...BLAST IT! STOP THAT INFERNAL SINGING!
MULE TRAAAW!
...KLIPPETY KLOPPIN' THRU THE WIND AND RAIN...


GRAHAM KNOWS THIS OBNOXIOUS SINGING IS MELVIN'S WAY OF SAYING 'NO'! GRAHAM KNOWS AS HE TEARS THE CAPS OUT OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL... INSERTS A DUM-DUM BULLET AND...
MA-AMMY
MAA-AMMY
I'D WALK A MILLION MILES FOR ONE OF YOUR SMILES...


THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, GRAHAM? MELVIN PUSHES YOU BACK ■ YOUR SEAT TO LISTEN TO MORE SINGING!
HOW MUCH IS THAT DAWGIE IN THE WINDOW...

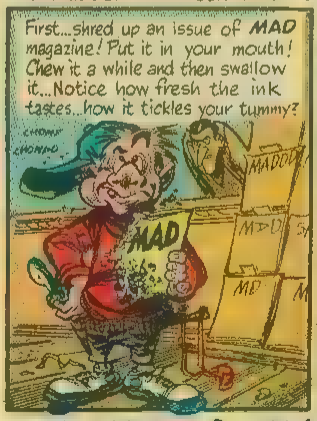

...MELVIN KEEPS SNAPPING HIS FINGERS... TAPPING HIS FEET... YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE...
BLAM!
BLAM!
BY THE WAY... HOW'S YOUR MOM, GRAHAM?

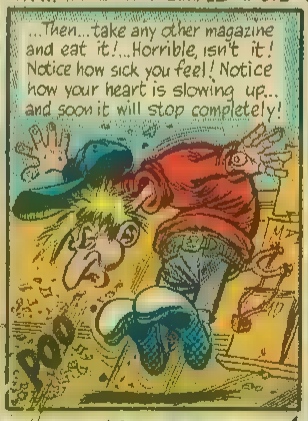

AND THEN YOU FEEL THE BLOOD SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH MEL'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF JEANNE, THE ROW-BOAT AND THE WATER IS POURING IN... THE BLOOD IS POURING OUT!
BRR! FEEL THAT WATER!
...OOH! I JUST REMEMBERED... HERE I AM OUT IN A ROW-BOAT AND IT'S TIME TO LISTEN TO DRAGNET!


THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE YOU'VE LOST THE ROW-BOAT, THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL, AND, AS YOU THINK HOW YOU WILL NEVER COMPLETE YOUR SET OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS, YOU QUIETLY SAY...
YAAAAAAAAH!
YOU LET OUT A HORRIBLE SHRIEK...CAUSE THERE YOU WERE, ALL SET FOR A COMFORTABLE SWIM BACK TO SHORE... AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHRIEK! INSTEAD OF FINDING NICE COMFORTABLE WATER, YOU FIND IT'S ICE-COLD!
ZWLOK

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO MAD!.. HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG, TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WAREHOUSE!... DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!





REMEMBER!... MAD IS MILDER... MUCH MILDER!

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

You should see our group of Hoofer Mountaineers coming down the trail after a hard day's climbing at Devil's Lake State Park . . . a half-dozen Mountaineers sidling, hopping, leaping, etc. down the trail, scratching our ribs, emitting cries of: "Oook-ook-ook-ook-ook-oook-ooook!" . . . the first "oook" starting medium, and rising to a fairly high pitch . . . and interdispersed with our "ooks" are cries of "HOOOOOOOOO-HAAH!" Really, it's enough to bring tears of joy to the eyes of a true MAD fan!—Ted. K. Wagner—Madison, Wis.

. . . Technical and Special Effects Dept.: In MAD No. 8, "The Lone Stranger" was represented merely by the William Tell Overture. Purge on you! Why didn't you have an intermission so you could play Les Preludes? Franz Liszt is very upset over this. Thank you.—Franz Liszt Fan Club—Franz Liszt, Pres.

. . . I was once a miserable but fairly intelligent human being. But since reading your magazine, I have changed into a happy little moronic beast. While I am on the subject, I would also like to mention the transformation in my physical anatomy. I now have three eyes . . . one to see the left page, one for the right page, and one for the next page I intend to read. Now I don't mind the looks of the third eye, but it's a pain in the neck—being situated thereon! Whenever I scratch my neck, I stick my finger in my eye!—Shirley D. Blieden—(No address given)

. . . In MAD No. 1, Bumble was bumped off by Melvin. Now he shows up in MAD No. 8 with only his accent changed. ("Yeah, Boss!" to "Ja, Boss!")! In fact, he still has that disgusting green hat. I think the guy that tried to sneak Bumble back in should have his little head overhauled. Did he think we wouldn't notice it or sumpin'?—Fred Weld—Santa Barbara, Calif.

. . When I first met my husband, I thought he was ugly, stupid, and good-for-nothing. Then, I found out HE HAD ALL THE BACK ISSUES OF MAD! We were married the next day!—Mrs. R. A. Griggs—(No address given)

. . . We, the technical and announcing staff of Radio Station W.I.N.N., can't begin to describe how thoroughly we enjoy the magazine called MAD. We all agree that it is entirely different, original, and most humorsome.—Leon Grube—W.I.N.N.—Louisville, Ky.

. . I think MAD is the best ten cents worth of comics in the world. MAD teaches children new methods of torture. I love MAD comics.—Don Mac Dougall—Tucson, Ariz.

. . . My faith in idiots is again restored. Please don't ever run out of heroin.—Charles Harless—(No address given)

. . . This is the graveyard, my name is Kamien. I work out of suicide. The word was going around that a new issue of MAD was out; my job, get it! I went to where the squares said I could find this crazy mag. I fell into the joint and asked if they had any MAD comics left. (All I wanted was the facts.) The girl behind the counter said they were all sold out except for one which she was saving for herself. I showed her my badge and told her I needed the book for evidence. She still wouldn't fork over, so I flipped my lid. I lept over the counter, grabbed the babe, and killed her dead. I was arrested by my be-bop helper Frank Spit. On the 31st of Feb., 1951, I was tried in the city of Los Angeles. I was found guilty of stealing one copy of MAD and was sentenced to be hung in the electric chair. You wonder how I'm writing this letter? As I told you, this is the graveyard.—Eddie Kamien—Lancaster, N. Y.

. . . Texas is large, but it cannot hold all of the MAD comics that are sold here.—Bernard Bonario—Houston, Texas

. . . I am the aunt of an exalted devotee of your apparently "spell-binding" publication. You must have something on the ball to make that little nephew of mine exert all the effort he does wandering around trying to find these gems of wisdom. His zeal has rubbed off on all his friends—they form a MAD clan—on the hunt for old issues.—Mrs. John L. Kramer—Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I am fastenated at the wonders of your comic book. Frankly I never thought that modern humans were so skrewy. (I do not understand your stories verry well for I am a cave man.—Zogg

. . . As I went to get your new mag. I fell right in a mud puddle and ruined my schoolbooks and had to pay for them. But nevertheless I bought the book and forget my woes.—E.C. Fan-Addict No. 141.

Subscriptions to MAD . . one buck for eight issues! Address for money or just plain fan-mail:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 11
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

CRIME DEPT.: THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE!... ONLY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THIS COMIC BOOK! AND NOW MAD COMIC BOOK, THE COMIC THAT IS HIGHEST IN QUALITY... LOWEST IN NICOTINE WITH NO IRRITATION TO NOSE, THROAT OR SINUSES... MAD COMIC BOOK AGAIN PRESENTS...

DRAGGED NET!

DOMM-DA DOM-DOMM...

KLIP KLOP KLIP KLOP

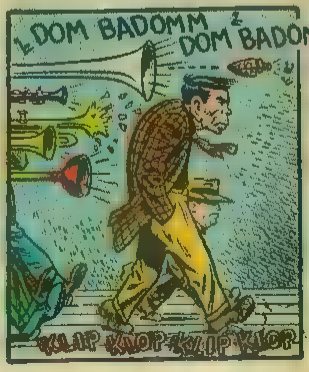
SOUTHWESTERN UNION

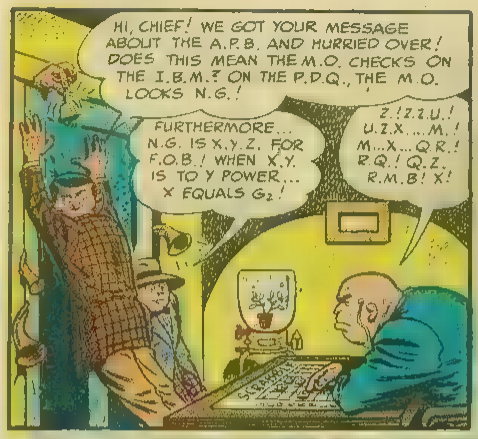
KONE LIKKA

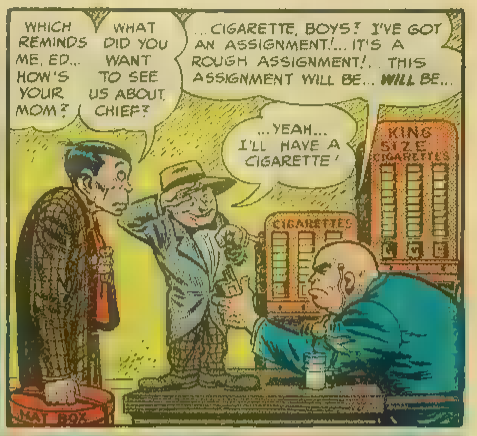
MY NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY! MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY! OUR CHIEF IS MIKE SUNDAY!

MONDAY! 9:30... MY PARTNER AND I WERE WORKING THE DAY WATCH OUT OF HOMICIDE ON MONDAY!

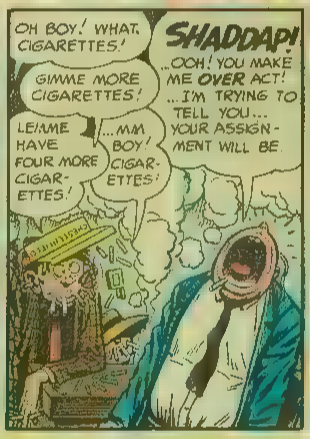
WE SHOULD'VE WORKED THE DAY WATCH OURSELVES BUT WE WORKED IT ON MONDAY... TOM MONDAY—HE'S THE JANITOR!



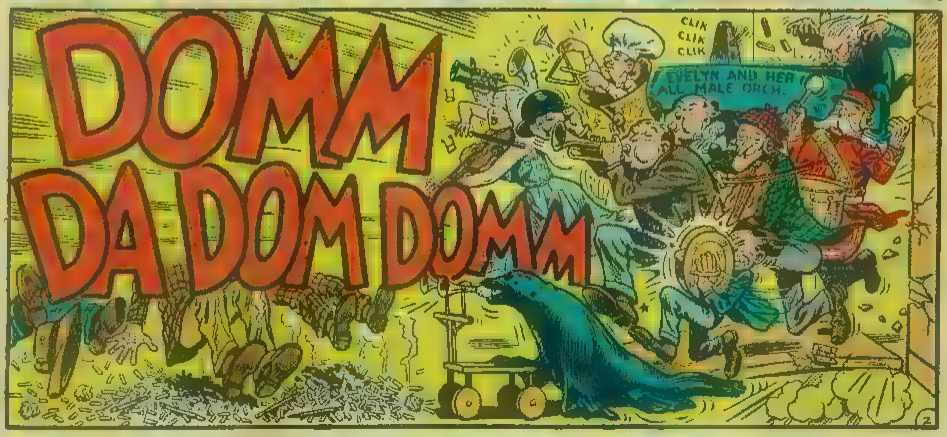

HI, CHIEF! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE ABOUT THE A.P.B. AND HURRIED OVER! DOES THIS MEAN THE M.O. CHECKS ON THE I.B.M.? ON THE P.D.Q., THE M.O. LOOKS N.G.!
FURTHERMORE... N.G. IS X.Y.Z. FOR F.O.B.! WHEN X.Y. IS TO Y POWER... X EQUALS G2!
Z!Z.Z.U.! U.Z.X...M.! M...X...Q.R.! R.Q.! Q.Z., R.M.B! X!


WHICH REMINDS ME, ED... HOW'S YOUR MOM?
WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SEE US ABOUT, CHIEF?
...CIGARETTE, BOYS? I'VE GOT AN ASSIGNMENT!... IT'S A ROUGH ASSIGNMENT!.. THIS ASSIGNMENT WILL BE... WILL BE...
...YEAH... I'LL HAVE A CIGARETTE!
KING SIZE CIGARETTES
CIGARETTES
HAT BOX

CAN I HAVE A CIGARETTE?
YOU CAN HAVE A CIGARETTE!
CAN I HAVE TWO CIGARETTES?
...ME A CIGARETTE TOO!
ART KIT


OH BOY! WHAT, CIGARETTES!
GIMME MORE CIGARETTES!
LE'AME HAVE FOUR MORE CIGARETTES!
...MM BOY! CIGARETTES!
SHADDAP!
...OOH! YOU MAKE ME OVER ACT! ...I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU... YOUR ASSIGNMENT WILL BE.

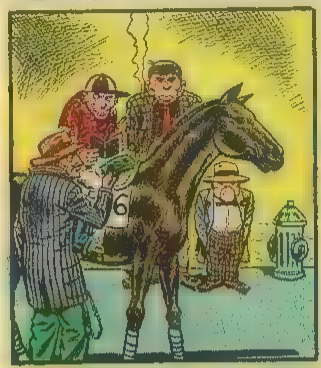
STAKE-OUT!
THINKING CAP

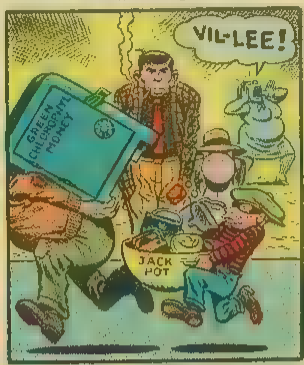

DOMM DA DOM DOMM
CLIK CLIK CLIK
EVELYN AND HER ALL MALE ORCH.

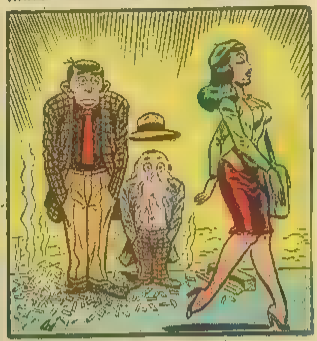
AT 9:30, WE WENT ON STAKE-OUT! WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING DISTRACT ONE!

AT FIRST WHEN THE CHIEF SENT US ON STAKE-OUT... WE RAN TO A RESTAURANT!...WE THOUGHT HE MEANT STEAK-OUT!

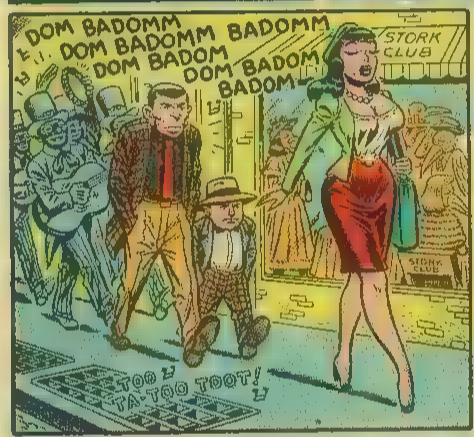
...NOW WE'RE ON STAKE-OUT... SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT... AND ONE MUSTN'T LET ***ANYTHING*** DISTRACT ONE WHILE ON STAKE-OUT

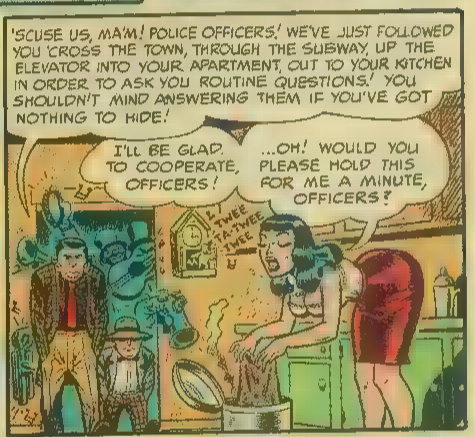


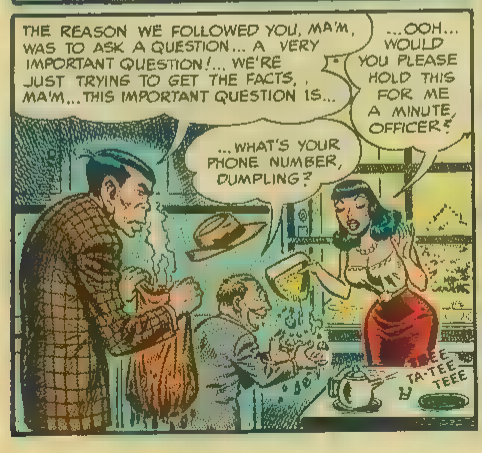




...WELL!...***MOST*** ANYTHING!

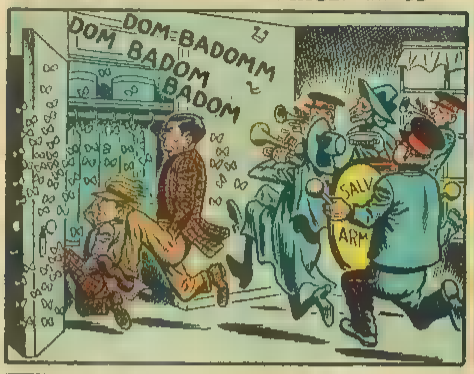


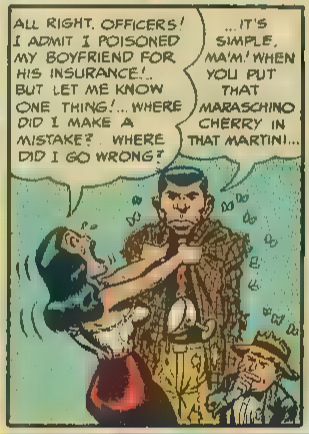


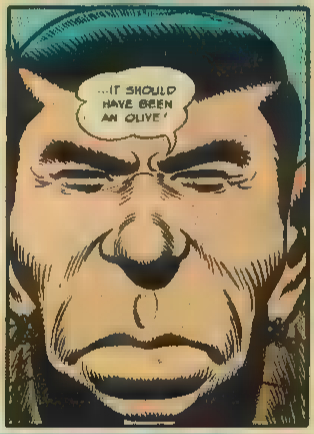


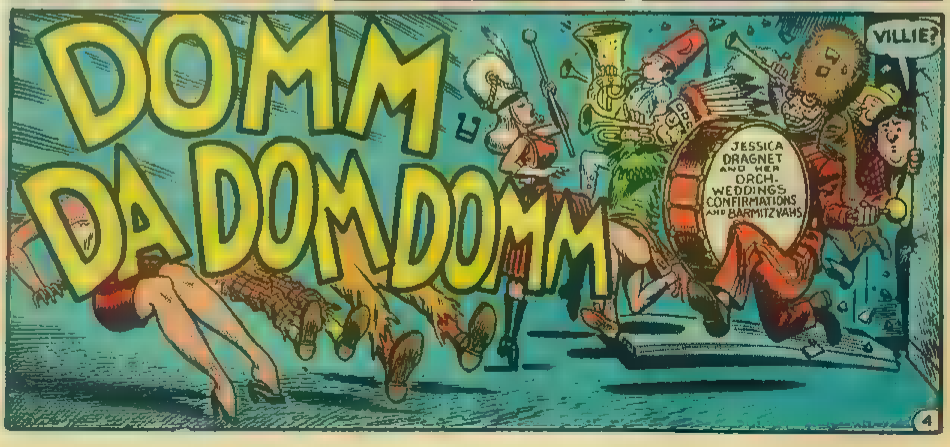
WE DECIDED TO HIDE IN THE CLOSET BECAUSE SOMETHING WAS FISHY. ESPECIALLY SINCE ED HAD BROUGHT THE BAG OF GARBAGE INTO THE CLOSET WITH US!

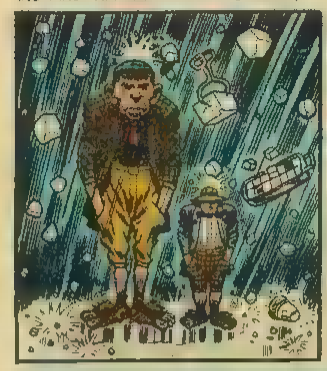
...AT 9:30, WE SAW HER BOYFRIEND WALK IN! WE SAW HIM SHOW THE GIRL A BRAND NEW INSURANCE POLICY WITH HER AS THE BENEFICIARY!... WE SAW HER MIX HIM A MARTINI.



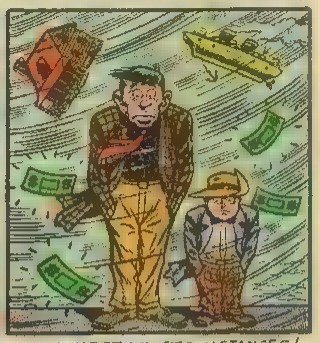




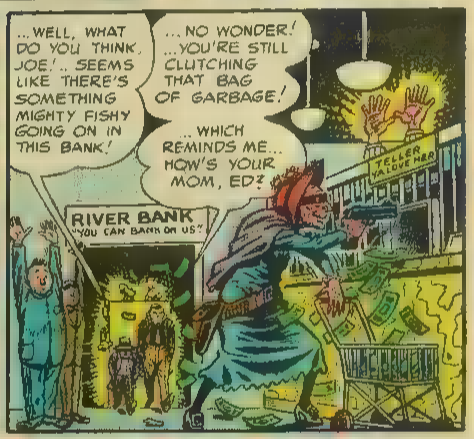



AT 9:30, WE WENT BACK TO OUR STAKE-OUT... OUR ASSIGNMENT, WATCHING AND WAITING AT THIS CORNER!

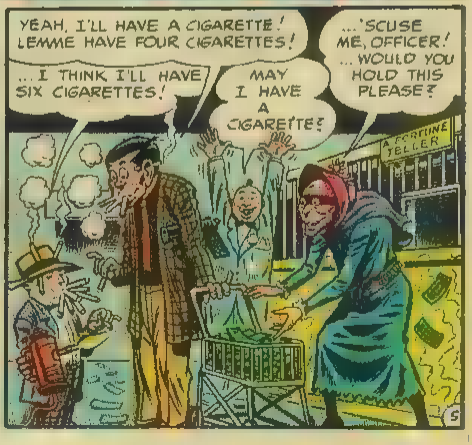
...A LITTLE LATER, AT 9:30, THE HAIL WAS REPLACED BY SNOW... BUT WE WERE ON STAKE-OUT...
VIL-LEE
TODAY'S WEATHER IN THE DAILY

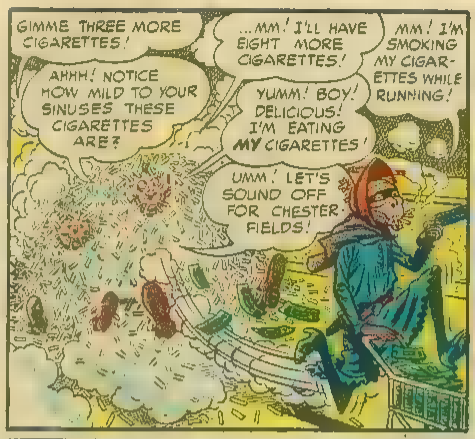

...AND WHEN ONE ■ ON STAKE-OUT ONE MUST NOT...ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT LEAVE ONE'S POST UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!
...WELL! ..MOST ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!

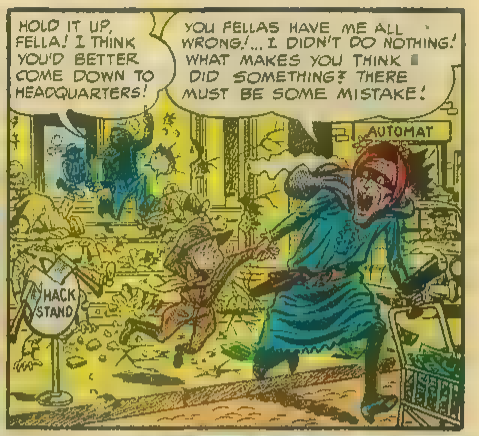
DOM BADOMM
DOM BADOM BADOMM
DOM BADOM DOM BADOM BADOMM
SNATCH

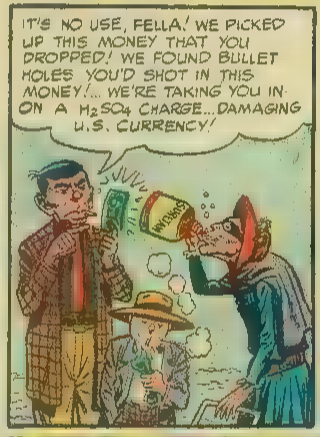

...WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK, JOE!.. SEEMS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FISHY GOING ON IN THIS BANK!
...NO WONDER! ...YOU'RE STILL CLUTCHING THAT BAG OF GARBAGE!
...WHICH REMINDS ME... HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?
RIVER BANK
"YOU CAN BANK ON US"
TELLER

'SCUSE US, SIR! POLICE OFFICERS! ...WE'D LIKE TO ASK A COUPLE ROUTINE QUSTIONS... PURELY ROUTINE! FIRST ROUTINE QUESTION... WHAT IS EINSTEIN'S EQUATION FOR ENERGY?
JUST ONE MOMENT, OFFICER! WOULD YOU HOLD THIS, PLEASE?
CIGARETTE, JOE?
KING SIZE
STORY TELLER


YEAH, I'LL HAVE A CIGARETTE! LEMME HAVE FOUR CIGARETTES!
...'SCUSE ME, OFFICER! ...WOULD YOU HOLD THIS PLEASE?
...I THINK I'LL HAVE SIX CIGARETTES!
MAY I HAVE A CIGARETTE?
ROUTINE TELLER

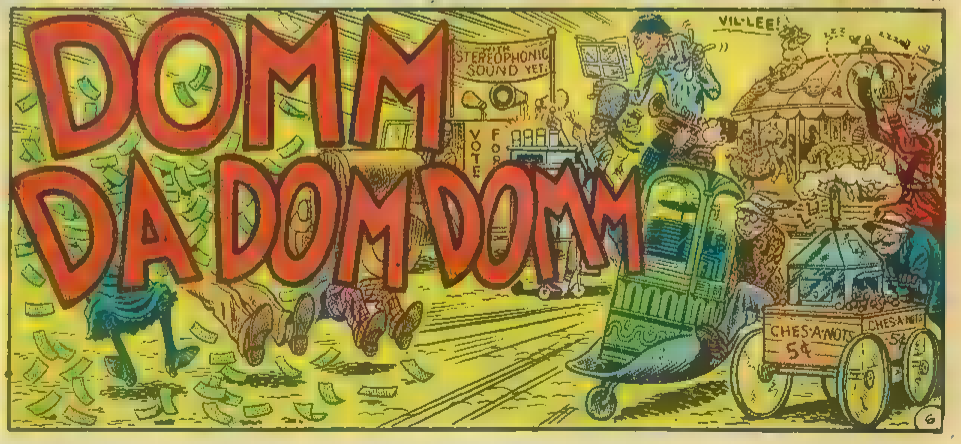

GIMME THREE MORE CIGARETTES!
AHHH! NOTICE HOW MILD TO YOUR SINUSES THESE CIGARETTES ARE?
...MM! I'LL HAVE EIGHT MORE CIGARETTES!
YUMM! BOY! DELICIOUS! I'M EATING MY CIGARETTES!
MM! I'M SMOKING MY CIGARETTES WHILE RUNNING!
UMM! LET'S SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELDS!


HOLD IT UP, FELLA! I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!
YOU FELLAS HAVE ME ALL WRONG!... I DIDN'T DO NOTHING! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I DID SOMETHING? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!
AUTOMAT
HACK STAND


IT'S NO USE, FELLA! WE PICKED UP THIS MONEY THAT YOU DROPPED! WE FOUND BULLET HOLES YOU'D SHOT IN THIS MONEY!... WE'RE TAKING YOU IN ON A H_2SO_4 CHARGE... DAMAGING U.S. CURRENCY!

ALL RIGHT OFFICERS! YOU CAUGHT UP WITH ME... BUT TELL ME ONE THING! WHERE DID I GO WRONG? WHERE DID I MAKE MY MISTAKE? WHERE DID I SLIP UP?
THAT'LL BE EASY, FELLA! ... YOU SLIPPED UP...
VIL-LEE!
LUCKY BUCKS

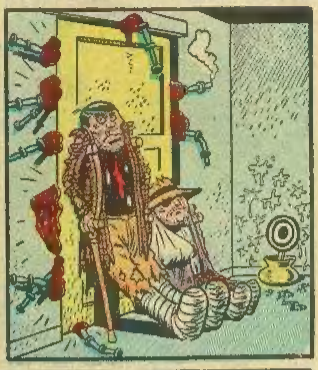
...ON THIS BANANA PEEL!

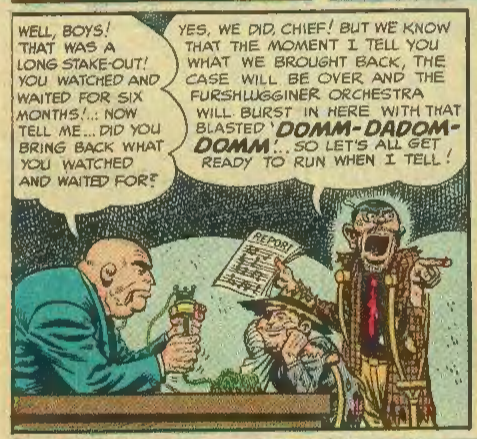

DOMM DA DOM DOMM
STEREOPHONIC SOUND YET!
VOTE
VIL-LEE!
CHES-A-NOTS 5¢
CHES-A-NOTS 5¢

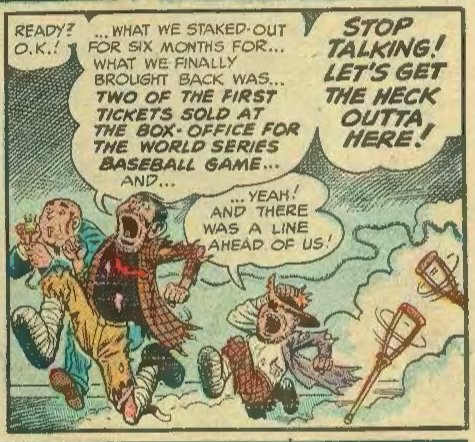
AT 9:30, WE LEFT OUR STAKE-OUT! WE LEFT OUR STAKE-OUT BECAUSE WE HAD GOTTEN WHAT WE WAITED FOR!

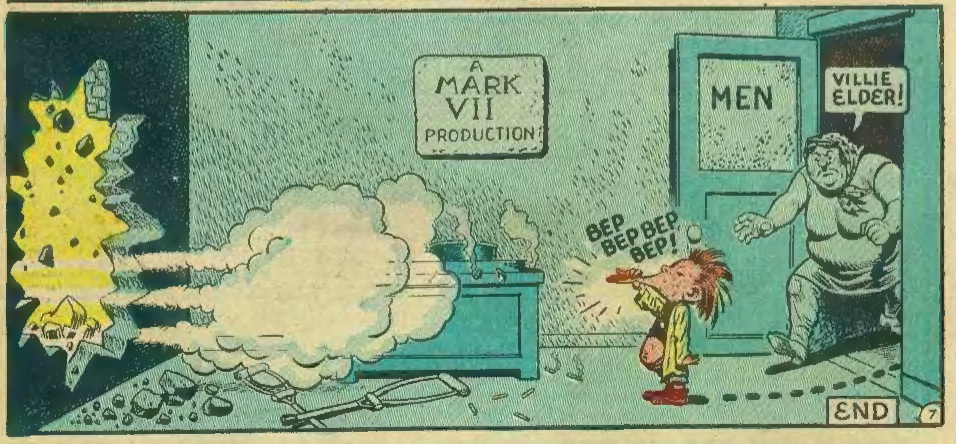
...WE HAD GOTTEN WHAT OUR CHIEF HAD SENT US FOR AND SO WE LEFT THE NEON ILLUMINATED STREETS...

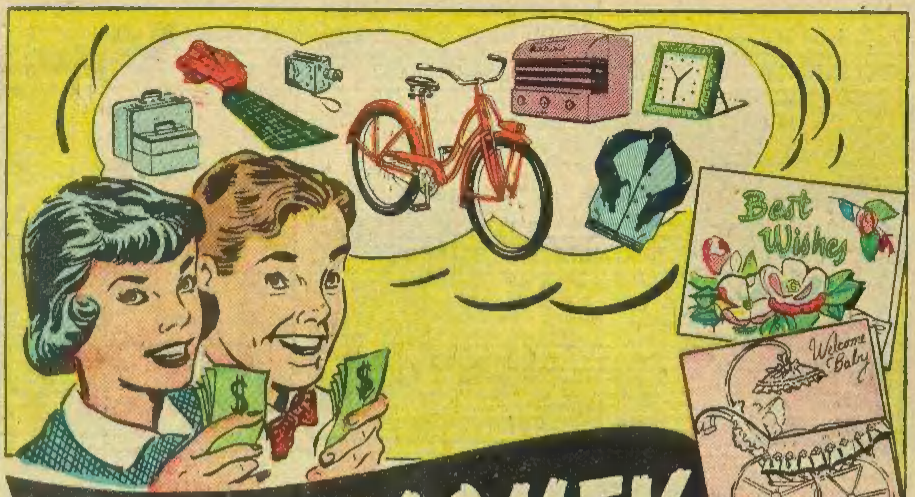
...WE LEFT THE CLASHING AND THE THROBBING OF BROADWAY, 'CAUSE BROADWAY WAS OUR BEA... HEY! WRONG PROGRAM!

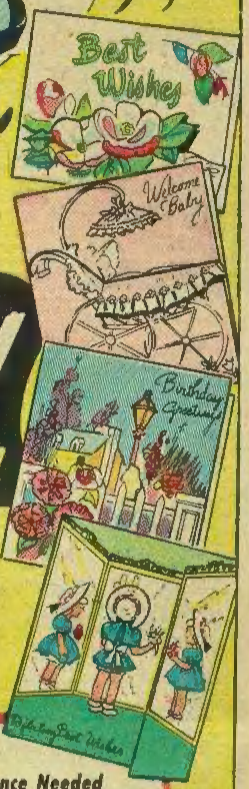












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Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.

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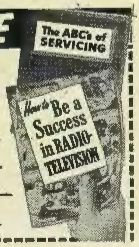
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date of discharge _____



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I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

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